A Prophetical

LOVE-SONG

By one of the Sons of Zion, in the dayes of his Youth, in his Travel towards the Holy Land through the *Wilderness*.

Being a certain true Testimony by an infallible Spirit of Prophesie, of what should befall him in his safe Arrival there, with the blessing of that and his portion there.

In which is intermingled the miserable Estate of all the Gentiles, the wicked World, the backsliding House of *Israel*, the Jews called by the Name of [illegible], as it was given forth about the beginning of the 2 Month, 1661.

With several other things since, and some before, as at the beginning of each is expressed.

Now first published in its Season.

By *John Toomes*.

LONDON: Printed for the Author in the Year

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In which is interpreted the miserable Estate of all the Gentiles, the wicked World, the backsliding House of Israel, the Jews called by the Name of Sea-Rot, as it was given forth about the beginning of the 2 Month, 1661.

With several other things since, and some before, as at the beginning of each is expressed.

And now Published in its Season.

By *John Thomas*.

LONDON, Printed for the Author in the [illegible] 1661.

A Propheticall

LOVE-SONG.

Ing to the praise and glory of the Lord
All you that can with voice with one accord,
Sing praises to him from the inward part,
Where his pure Law is written in the heart.
Thou blessed seed of *Jacob* tweedy sing
A Song of Love unto thy blessed King;
There's none besides thy self that hath the voice,
To sing aright nor rightly to rejoyce,
Before the Lord thy God thy King of peace,
Who by his might will make thy Wars to cease;
For thou art he that rightly for him sought,
And he for thee thy Battels all have fought;
He ne'r will cease to strive for *Jacob*'s right,
Until he sends his Foes all out of sight;
Therefore O worm be quiet and be still,
The Lord thy God will do thy work with skill:
Consider well how he thy work began;
Look thou to him, but never trust in man;
For he is faithful and will bring to passe,
All things for thee, and make thy foes like grasse,
To fade and wither when he doth appear,
Then must they shrink, for none dares draw him neer;
Great is thy God, and glorious is his Name;
Great is his Might, and great will be his Fame,

When he hath finish'd all his work below,
Their eyes shall see, and then their heart shall know;
How he hath wrought in faithfulnes for thee,
Whilst thou wert weake, and in adversity.
When all thy Foes did compass thee about,
How he stood neer, and put them to the rout;
How when the Tempter stood in wily wise,
With outward glory, for to please thy eyes,
He gave thee counsel which was safe and sound,
That did preserve thy soule and him confound;
How in thy sufferings he did thee support,
And made thy strength like to a Royall Port:
Well arm'd, well man'd, with Amunition strong,
Void of all fear though 'twere besieged long.
Nay, to be brief, in every state and station
Thy God confounded the rebellious Nation;
Yea, all the Nations that did stout withstand,
Thy passage free, unto the promised land;
In various waies he did them overthrow,
And this in time thy heart shall surely know:
Then shalt thou sing, and of a truth declare,
That all his works, they works of wonders are.
What though the blind and darkned soules deny,
The works of God, and all his wonders high?
Because they are not wrought all in their way,
Therefore they rage, and would not he should sway;
Sad are their thoughts, and sadnesse shall possesse
Their hearts and soules, yea, anguish and distresse,
Shall sure surprize their inward with great pain,
That would not have thy glorious God to Reign:
Their eyes shall sink, within their holes so low,
As not to see, the God they would not know.
When Famine comes, then they shall sure be fed,
With their own flesh, in lieu of goodly bread:
Their tongues likewise, shall cleave unto the roof,
Of their own mouthes, because they hate reproof;
Yea, when in torments they are fiery hot,
They shall seeke death, but they shall find it not.

Assu-

Assuredly, this is the bitter Lot,
Of all the wicked that delights to plot,
Against the just, to wrong him without cause,
Inflicting torments contrary to Laws;
Devising mischief, for to undermine
The innocent, that wrongs not thee nor thine,
Oh *Jacobs* seede, come, let us joyne and sing,
Unto the Lord, our only God and King:
The songs of Zion, for he maketh haste
To conquer all, and slay three Nations waste.
He makes the Earth to stagger where we go,
He makes it reele and stagger too and fro;
He overturns, and overturn he will,
Untill his glory cover every hill,
And all the Mountains that be high and steep,
Be each removed fat into the deepe;
He that begun, will never cease, 'tis true,
In conquering untill he hath conquer'd you,
That have been fierce to keepe his seed in thrall,
From their just freedome, on his name to call;
All earthly minds shall drink of deep confusion,
Which they'l receive from inward deep infusion.
Oh earthly man, how long wilt thou remain,
Striving for death whilst life should be thy gaine!
Shall that pure light, which thou doest still dispise,
Be but rejected by thy carnall eyes,
And much contemned as a thing of nought,
Although it ever thy salvation sought?
Rowse up, awake, whilst that thou may'st, and know,
The time's but short before the fatall blow,
Be surely laid upon the heads of those,
That oft were cal'd, but still continued foes,
The keeper shuts the doore to keep all out,
That would not come, whose hearts were ever stout,
My soule begins to melt to think that they,
Should be such fools so to neglect their day;
And bring upon themselves such misery,
With weepings, wailings, Oh the doleful cry!

The

The mourning, howling, that's within their land,
Now all their buildings found built on the sand;
Behold the Lamb that hath been mild and meek,
Although you cry, although you to him seek,
Yet will he not regard your voice, nor call,
But be a Lyon fierce among you all,
There is no Plea that can appease his wrath,
His face is fury fierce, he knows the path
You walked in, he knows full well the way,
You did refuse when that it was your day,
His sore displeasure you must sure abide,
There is no place on earth for you to hide,
Although you call unto the Mountains high,
To cover you it cannot from his eye;
Nay all the things that formerly you built,
Are spoiled quite, and all their Vertue spilt;
Your Plea of wonders and sad sanctity,
Will but augment your pain and misery:
I tell you plain you that will not beware,
Will suddenly be caught within this snare,
From whence no Art, nor skill can get thee free,
But thou shalt ever there tormented be;
Thy conscience then shall know assuredly,
The worm that lives that worm will never die,
That worm shall sure bring all thy pains to passe,
That thou wert told of when thou wert an Asse;
Wildly wandring on the Mountains high,
And on each hill that reached near the sky,
But in the Valleys thou wouldst not be seen,
To feed on pastures that were fresh and green,
Thou wouldst no water that the plant might thrive
For to refresh and keep thy soul alive,
Behold therefore with dough thou shalt be fed,
Thy hungry maw shall never feed on bread,
Thy greedy eye with greedinesse shall feed,
On every thing that makes thy heart to bleed.
Repent therefore, or take this dismal doom,
When 'tis too late Repentance hath no room.
Rowse up, Rowse up, unfold thy slothful hands,

Down

Down with thy building that's built on the sands;
Build on the Rock before the tempest rise,
And all the storms fall on thee from the skies:
Remember man who art but earth and clay,
That God is just, and justly will repay,
The slothful sluggard that will take no paine
To get a living, for the greatest gaine;
The diligent shall sure regarded be,
And all his work go on most prosperously;
He maketh rich and hath its corn in store
To feed his house when others hunger sore.
Oh blessed seed this is thy nature right,
The day to care and rest thee in the night;
Thou art not slow nor slothful in thy way,
But labouring hard all hours in the days,
Thy store, thy stock, is great in all that's meet,
And of thy paine thou reapest what is sweet,
Thou hast thy living by the sweat of brow,
Thy cares are great, well, though it be so now,
Thou shalt have ease, thou shalt have rest be sure,
Thy faithful God, will undertake to cure
Thee from all pain, and make thy sorrow cease,
He'l bring thee freedom, yea, and perfect ease,
With his own hand he'l wipe thy tears away;
For sorrow, joy and gladnesse shall bear sway,
In all thy Land there shall no mourning be,
No heavinesse of heart at all with thee;
But all thy friends and lovers every one,
Shall sure be freed from every sigh and grone;
No sad complaints nor sence of any grief,
But every one receives his own relief,
Then shall ye sing, then shall ye all rejoyce,
When this sweet Language and this blessed Voice,
Is heard within thy borders every where,
Then from rejoycing thou canst not forbear:
Nay thou shalt sing and make sweet Melody,
Unto the Lord thy God that dwels on high,
Then in thy mouth his praises will be found,
The Songs of Zion then will sweetly sound:

Behold

Behold the day approacheth very high,
Lift up thy head, yea, now lift up thine Eye,
And see thy God advancing not afar,
But very nigh, just like a man of war;
What ere he doth rejoyce thou in his sight,
Be sure it is for thee, that he doth fight,
He'l plead thy cause with all the nations round,
And never cease, untill he them confound:
Yet but a little while and it is done,
Me thinks mine eye beholds him swiftly run,
As if in haste, thy foes he would destroy
That in his work, thy harmless heart might joy.
Be patient then, thou Innocent and stay,
Thy mind on him for thine will be the day,
Which is at hand, as I have said before,
That thou shalt glory in't for evermore;
Then shall thy hand upon the musick play,
When *Zion's* King shall rule and beare the sway,
When all the Nations bend and bow the Knee,
Unto thy King, and worship none but he:
They that are saved, surely thus shall do,
Oh *Jacob's* King, they all will runnance,
Thus will he bring the Glory and the Fame
Of all his work to thee and his great name;
Rejoyce therefore before him night and day,
He is thy King and he must beare the sway;
Thou art the seed that he hath blest alone,
Rejoyce for thou shalt sit upon his throne.
What shall I say of *Jacob's* blessed seed?
The Lord their God for ever will them feed,
In pastures large, where they shall safely lie,
Void of all fear, in perfect liberty;
Thy Enemies shall never more anoy,
Thy habitation, nor thy Land destroy,
Thou shalt not plant for others to root up,
Nor never more drink of a bitter Cup.
Thou shalt not build, and others pluck it down,
For perfect peace shall be thy sure Renown,

Thy

Thy Wars have end, thy Foes are all deſtroyed,
There is none left that ever thee annoyed.
Behold the Lamb hath got the Conqueſt quite,
With his great Army cloathed all in white;
Yea, every one is fully overthrown,
Thy calm is come all ſtorms are overblown;
Rejoyce therefore unto him, ſing thy ſong,
That brought the day thou groan'ſt for very long;
Lo now 'tis come, up to thy legs and ſtand,
The Turtles voice, is pleaſant in thy land:
The Bride-groom now prepares his Bride to meet,
That in chaſt love they may each other greet;
Each lips ſhall joyn to give a bleſſed kiſſe,
And live for ever in their endleſſe bliſſe.
Thou bleſſed ſeed for thee he makes his feaſt,
And thou ſhalt be his choice and chiefeſt gueſt:
It is for thee that he doth all prepare,
Feed of his dainties, feed and do not ſpare;
This food will never cloy thy ſtomack more,
Though thou ſhouldſt feed and never once give ore.

The Pedigree of the Seed of Jacob.

BEhold thy line, thy linage, thy deſcent,
Thy pedigree, thy coat of Arms, thy tent,
Thy habitation, thy abiding place,
Thy kindred all ſprung from a royal race,
Before the Earth or Heavens yet were made,
Before the deeps, or *Adam* uſed a ſpade;
Before that *Eve* brought either ſon or daughter,
Before ſhe knew what mourning was or laughter,
Before the Hills or Mountains yet were known,
Before a Sun in Firmament was ſhown,
Before the Moon or Stars at all appeared,
Thou were by him that made them all indeared:
Yea, thou wer't precious in his glorious eye,
And much eſteem'd and made to ſtand him nigh;

Thou wert one with him though you seem'd apart,
Yet were you one united in one heart.
Hence didst thou spring, hence didst thou first arise,
This is the root of all thy progenies.
He that will read this noble Heraldry,
Must live in light, or else he cannot spy
The depth hereof, nor understand the phrase,
It is not known in any other place.

Sobs, sighs, and groanes, in deep distresse of spirit, uttered forth in these following lines.

WHen shall I cease? when shall I once forbear,
With sighes and sobs my inward All-to tear?
The weight is great, in grief therefore I grone,
My grievous wounds are cured yet by none;
They inward bleed like Hearts out of sight,
Who can come at my wound to cure it right?
Who shall I seek that can right pity take?
Who can me ease and sound my wound once make?
My Friends they are become like mortal foes,
Instead of help they do augment my woes:
They cannot see into my wound, and say,
This is the cure, this is the onely way.
Their words, their deeds doth but increase my grief;
Small is their help and bitter their relief:
Then all Relations of the earthly birth,
Condemn my sadnesse and cry out for mirth;
Their jolly natures can no pleasure take
In one so sad, unlesse he'l merry make,
Behold! all help is far removed from me,
To ease my pain, my grief, my misery.
Thus am I left alone to sigh and sob,
To grieve and mourn with many a bitter throb.
I am like one that's swallowed in the deep,
That out of darknesse never more should peep;

But

But *Jonah* like that lay within the Whale
Until commanded by a gentle gale,
To bring him forth, and lay him on the shore:
Thus was he saved, Why may not I therefore
Expect Deliverance from the self same hand,
That *Jonah* saved and brought him safe to Land?
He is the same in every sort and kind,
A God that fails not, when it is his mind:
'Tis he alone that hath good balm in store,
To cure all wounds, if they be never so sore.
Though they be mortal his immortal hand,
Can with one touch, make mortals well to stand.
Oh this is he that I must onely have,
To raise the immortal from the mortal grave.
I'le seek no more, I have the Physick found,
And the Physician that can cure my wound.
I will abandon every friend and foe
For any Physick, but will to him go.

First written about the Latter end of the 2. month or the beginning of the 3. 1661.

A few lines from the Author to his Wife in the Country, testifying the manner and nature of his love, springing up in him towards her about the beginning of the 2. month, 1661. that had been veiled many years.

BEhold my love got through the thickest cloud,
To shew it self in line and language loud:
Thine ear, thine eye, let both be opened clear,
That the sweet voice of true love may draw near.
Behold, all clouds are vanishing apace,
That my true love may shew its comely face:

It hath been hid and covered many a day,
But now is cloathed with the sons arav;
Its beautious beams let thy pure eye behold,
Be warm'd therewith, 'twil keep thee safe from cold.
Be fed also with pleasure and delight;
Yet surfeit not, lest thou shouldst lose the sight:
Be moderate, 'twil give thee sweet content,
This is true love which God alone hath sent
For to refresh, thy fainting soul at last,
When thou wert hopelesse evermore to tast,
Of this thy long-desired heavenly blisse;
Behold at last it comes and gives thee a kisse.
This love is not of any earthly kind,
Though in the earth, not of an earthly mind:
Its from above and dwelleth in true light,
Pleasing to God, all-pleasing in his sight:
Receive therefore thy lot from God alone,
Who did give ear unto thy sighs and moan,
Sink down full low in true humilitie
Before the Lord that brought this love to thee.
'Tis he alone that doth deserve the praise,
Of all that's done to him, be it alwaies.

These ensuing lines were writ upon her Answer to the former, but never yet sent.

BEhold the love that lately did thee greet,
Doth once again send salutations sweet;
Since that my former lines have made thee bold,
Yet speaks once more unto thine eye behold;
And to thine ear do thou attend and hear
My true loves voice as it shall now appear.
Behold my Turtle thou hast found thy mate,
And it finds thee so prettily to prate,
Of precious love so pleasing to its ear
So harmlesly, that it cannot forbear

To

To praise thy Teacher, for thy pleasant voice,
And beg that he may teach him to rejoyce,
As doth become a heart admiring one,
That is the Fountain of true love alone,
From whence my love hath all its rise and springs,
From thence it streams unto all precious things:
What though the seasons formerly were sad,
Whilst that my love in dismal clouds was clad,
And did displease the sight that often sought,
With wearied pains, and many combat fought,
To seek the presence of its full desire,
Yet still by death was forced to retire;
If for a moment that it did appear
Dark gloominess, would hasten to draw near,
And overcast the goodnesse it did shew
In doleful-wise as if it never knew,
That ought proceeded from its good and right;
Thus was my love vail'd in a sad dark night:
But now behold the dawning of the day,
Saith, that all clouds must vanish quite away,
And all the darkenesse, that dark night once brought,
Shal not be found though ne'r so closely sought;
The morning Star most brightly doth appear,
By that we know the morning's very near;
Then comes the day that all the nights expel,
With their black clouds that were as dark as hel;
Then shal the Sun in its ful lustre shine,
With a transcendent glory all divine,
Where thy true love wil manifest its fame,
Its vertue, worth, its glory, and its name;
Its nature right, it shal discover soon,
That thou wilt need no other heavenly boon;
It wil so fully to thy soul present,
All satisfaction to thine own content,
Then nought remains for thee but lay thy head,
Upon his breast to feed and to be fed;
His arms of love shal sweetly thee embrace,
Behold his eye, his cheek, his comely face,

They

They are all soothes prepared, and kept in store,
Feed thou hereon, what can thy heart have more?
This thou shalt reap, this sure shall be thy gain,
Thy patient waiting shall not be in vain.

The Authors Prayer to God to be delivered out of outward troubles, which depended upon the judgement and determination of the Committee and Commissioners of Excise, who have detained him many Daies and Months to wait on them, and yet refuse to do him justice.

THou canst alone, O Lord, my cause right plead,
And all my Judges unto justice lead,
Their understanding open, give them light,
That they may see the way to doe me right:
Let not their wills be wilful to give law,
But rectifi't and make them stand in awe
Of thee that art a Judge, most just to all,
Before whose Seat thou wilt each of them call,
Where they'l have justice with impartial hand,
Without respect to persons or command,
Infuse thou this into their hearts with sence
Of thy great power and magnificence;
That from those thoughts they may enclined be
To doe me right, and that right willingly.
Oh Lord appear, that thy pure presence may
Plead firm my cause in every word I say.
Oh let thy power in its naked strength,
If they resist confound them all at length;
Make each with shame from folly to retire,
And all at last grant me my just desire,

That

That when thou hast performed my request
Thou maiest for ever of my soul be blest,
And magnified as my true God alone,
Who hast regard to each right sigh and grone.

Some fruits of the Tree of Life brought forth through the Author, about the middle of the 4. Month, 1661.

BEhold the fruit that freely doth proceed
From love, belov'd from love that fain would feed,
Each hungry soul with food that will endure,
Not fade away, but everlasting sure;
Such food as will refresh each fainting heart,
Such food as will remove away all smart;
Such food as will all deep distempers cure,
Such food as will the barren land manure;
Such food as will the mountains Level low,
And all the Hills where barren things do grow;
Such food as feeds within the Wilderneſſe
The wearied soul in straits and great distreſſe;
Such food as feeds the heart when fainting most,
Such food preserves from yielding up the Ghost;
Such food preserves the dying soul from death,
Such food as this, renews, revives the breath;
This is the food that makes the lame to walk,
The dumb and stammerer words in plainneſſe talke;
This is the food that doth preserve and cherish,
The living soul before the Lord to flourish;
This is the food that makes the soul to sing,
A pleasant song unto its blessed King;
This is the food that makes it thrive and grow,
In trembling fear, and meekneſſe very low;
This is the food that teacheth it to seek,
All things it wants from God in spirit meek,

This is the food that makes it ask and have
Things that are needful, and what ever it crave;
This is the food that makes to seek in faith,
And have all granted whatsoever it saith.
This is the food that all must feed upon,
This is the food that leads to God alone;
This is the food, this is the living way,
This the true Guide that leadeth none altray;
This is the food that cometh from above,
This is the food that's filled full of love;
This is the flesh whereof we are to eat,
This is the bread that is become our meat;
This is the substance of the souls desire,
This the safe harbour for each to retire;
This is the rock whereon we are to build,
That of his virtue we may all be fill'd;
This is the Lamb that ever hath been slain,
Since that the world had its Foundation lain;
This is the Christ that hath with patience born,
Mans proud contempt, derision, flouts and scorn.
This is the Heir, this is the onely Son,
That all would help, if all would to him run.
This is the patient Lamb that would forgive
Each one their sins, and teach them how to live,
If they would hearken and his voice obey,
And not be hardned whilst it is their day.
This is the Lion that will once be fierce
To proud contemners, & their hearts through pierce,
When that his wrath shall in his face appear,
No man so stout dares then approach him near;
With fear and horrour they shall be dismaid,
His fury fierce shall make all flesh afraid.
This is the Bridegroom that prepares to ride,
Triumphantly before his glorious Bride,
What shall I say, this is the Lamb alone,
That shall for ever sit upon Gods Throne.

BEhold, behold the Fountain and the Spring
Of my true life, my God my onely King;
Behold my health, my wealth, and all my ſtore
Flows from this ſpring with bleſſings evermore.
Behold my hopes of all eternal bliſſe,
My true deſires all proceeds from this.
What can I ſeek but here its to be found,
If it be ſought right from a righteous ground.
What can I think of in my thoughts to have,
If rightly thought, but granted when I crave;
A God of knowledge and exceeding wiſe,
Conſiderate of all neceſſities.
Is this one God whom I depend upon,
As my moſt faithful living God alone,
Who hath my ſoul preſerved from miſery,
From deep diſtreſſe and ſad anxiety,
From all my thraldome he deliverance wrought,
When that my ſoul deliverance of him ſought;
To all my ſighes and grones he had regard,
Whilſt yet in bondage I was uſed hard;
When no compaſſion any would afford,
He then drew near and ſpoke the onely word
That did relieve, that did afford relief,
That did remove my ſorrows, cares and grief;
That did revive my ſpirits drooping ſtate,
Strengthning my heart before it was to late,
Unto my wounds he poured Oyl to heal
The breaches made, he tender'd much my Weal,
When that my foes ſurrounded me about,
He ſtil drew near and put them to the rout,
When ſnares and gins in ſubtilty were laid
To catch my feet, in faithfulneſs be ſaid,
Behold the danger thou art running in,
His light diſcovered both the ſnare and gin:
His Word was heard my ſoul preſerved thereby,
When to the pit my feet drew very nigh;

His words were ſpoken all in ſeaſon right
To ſave from death, from darkneſſe and dark night,
From the Devourer and deſtroying hand,
From Satans wiles, Prince of the darkned land.

To a Maid making ſilver or gold Lace.

BEhold the wicked ſoon ſhal run their race,
Then ſhal we need no Gold or ſilver Lace;
No glorious garb nor fooliſh fond aray,
All ſuch ſhall ſeem like filthy dirt and clay;
Then no reſpect for any outward pride,
But all for ever ſhal be that denied.

Of young George Fox.

BEhold young *George* with *Enoch* hath his lot,
To walk with God on Earth he walked not;
Yet of a truth my ſoul can truly tel,
That a great Prophet's fal'n in *Iſrael*;
That of the earth is in the earth laid low,
The proper center of all earth we know:
But his true life doth live (ſhal never die)
With God above to all Eternity;
The righteous ſhal not when they fly from hence
Loſe their reward, nor their juſt recompence;
Their memory ſhal not like worldlings rot,
But firm endure for ever without blot.

To

To a Maid known by the Name of Anne Robinſon *(I think call'd a* Quaker,*) pretending ſervice for the Lord to* Jamaica; *but its a Lye; for the Word of the Lord was brought unto her by the Author to forbid her the Journey, and to deny her the Meſſage, and to tell her, that if ſhe did attempt it, ſhe ſhould die by the way, and never ſee that Land; which word ſhe ſtifly denied and contemned: Thereupon were theſe enſuing lines ſent unto her by the Author from the Lord God, which ſhall ſurely be her portion.*

Although thy brow be made as firm as braſſe,
Know that thy knowledge makes thee but an Aſſe:
Although the Iron ſinews of thy neck
Will not admit of any faithful check,
But moſt rebellious thou wilt wander ſtill,
Pretending ſervice in thy wilful will,
Unto the Lord that loaths thou ſhouldſt pretend
To be his ſervant, or that he ſhould ſend
One ſo unfit to publiſh or declare
To Forreign Nations, what his wonders are;

Know

Knows that they are the first men that shall perish
From such a sin as their doth first destroy
From such a sin as shuts out hope and bliss
From such an evil though thou be drawn to it,
It is decreed and decreed a verity
Unless repentance soon proceed from thee,
If thou go on and by the knife shalt end,
Then shalt thou never see thy journeys end.

JOHN THOMAS.

O H that the Jews had not their God forgot,
Then had they never known the cursed lot,
Which now must light upon them great and small,
And prove as bitter to their taste as Gall,
The trembling cup the dregs they must all drink,
That after them will make all through to sink,
Like weak as water, sure shall every one
Be made therewith, to cry, to sigh, to groan,
To weep, to wail, and to lament the day
That they were born, to mourn in misery.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]